

Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

Torke. Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Torke. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our ſide.

Som. No *Plantagenet*;

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.

Torke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerſet*?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?

Torke. I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſhood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſcene.

Torke. Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeuish Boy.

Suff. Turne not thy ſcornes this way, *Plantagenet*.

Torke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and
thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,

We grace the Yeoman, by conuerſing with him.

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:

His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,

Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:

Spring Crettleſſe Yeomen from to deepe a Root?

Torke. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,

Or durſt not for his crauen heart ſay thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Chriſtendome.

Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,

For Treafon executed in our late Kings dayes?

And by his Treafon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?

His Treſpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,

And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Torke. My Father was attached, not attainted,

Condemn'd to dye for Treafon, but no Traytor;

And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerſet*,

Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,

Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,

To ſcourage you for this apprehenſion:

Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou ſhalt finde vs ready for thee ſtill:

And know vs by theſe Colours for thy Foes,

For theſe my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall weare.

Torke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,

As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,

Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,

Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:

And ſo farewell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*

Som. Haue with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard*.

Torke. How I am brau'd, and muſt perforce endure
it?

Warw. This heere that they obiect againſt your Houſe,

Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament.

Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter*:

And if thou be not then created *Torke*,

I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.

Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,

Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,

Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophetic: this brawle to day,

Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,

Shall ſend betwene the Red-Rose and the White,

A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

Torke. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame,

Lawyer. And ſo will I.

Torke. Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,

This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,
and Iaylor.*

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,

Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.

Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,

So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:

And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuants of death,

Nefor-like aged, in an Age of Care,

Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.

Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,

Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent,

Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,

And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,

That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground,

Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,

(Vnable to ſupport this Lumpe of Clay)

Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,

As witting I no other comfort haue.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:

We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,

And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my Soule ſhall then be ſatiſfied.

Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.

Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,

Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,

This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had;

And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* bene obſcur'd,

Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.

But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,

Iuſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,

With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:

I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,

That ſo he might recouer what was loſt.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.

Mort. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,

Your Nephew, late deſpis'd *Richard*, comes.

Mort. Direſt mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,

And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gaspe.

Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,

That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.

And now declare ſweet Stem from *Torke*'s great Stock,

Why diſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?

Rich. Firſt

Rich. Firſt, leane thine aged Back againſt mine Arme,
And in that caſe, Ile tell thee my Diſeaſe.

This day in argument vpon a Caſe,

Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:

Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lawiſh tongue,

And did vpbraid me with my Fathers death;

Which obloquie ſet barres before my tongue,

Elle with the like I had requited him.

Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers ſake,

In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,

And for Alliance ſake, declare the cauſe

My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loſt his Head.

Mort. That cauſe (ſaire Nephew) that imprizon'd me,

And hath decay'd me all my flowing Youth,

Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pyne,

Was curſed Inſtrument of his deceaſe.

Rich. Diſcouer more at large what cauſe that was,

For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſſe.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,

And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,

Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edward*'s Sonne,

The firſt Begotten, and the lawfull Heire

Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Deſcent.

During whoſe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,

Finding his Viſorption moſt vniuſt,

Endeuor'd my aduancement to the Throne.

The reaſon mou'd theſe Warlike Lords to this,

Was, for that (young *Richard*, thus remou'd,

Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body)

I was the next by Birth and Parentage:

For by my Mother, I deriu'd am

From *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne

To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,

From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedegree,

Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.

But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,

They labour'd, to plant the rightfull Heire,

I loſt my Libertie, and they their Liues.

Long after this, when *Henry* the Firſt

(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;

Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd

From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *Yorke*,

Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;

Againe, in pity of my hard diſtreſſe,

Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,

And haue inſtall'd me in the Diademe:

But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earle,

And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,

In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laſt.

Mort. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue haue,

And that my fainting words doe warrant death:

Thou art my Heire; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:

But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.

Rich. Thy graue admoniſhments preuayle with me:

But yet me thinks, my Fathers execution

Was nothing leſſe then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With ſilence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,

Strong fix'd is the Houſe of *Launceſter*,

And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.

But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,

As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd

With long continuance in a ſetled place.

Rich. O Vnckle, would ſome part of my young yeeres

Might but redeeme the paſſage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'ſt

Which giueth man

Mourne not, except

Onely giue order fo

And ſo farewell, an

And proſperous be

Rich. And Peace

In Priſon haſt thou

And like a Hermit

Well, I will locke

And what I doe im

Keepers conuey hi

Will ſee his Buryal

Here dyes the duſk

Choakt with Amb

And for thoſe Wre

Which *Somerſet* ha

I doubt not, but wi

And therefore haſte

Eyther to be reſtor

Or make my will th

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Flouriſh. *Enter King*

Somerſet, *Suffolk*

to put up a Be

Winch. Com'ſt

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The King, thy Sou

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Winch. *Gloſter*, I d

To giue me hearing

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Or how haps it, I ſ

Or rayſe my ſelfe?